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IVSDAM EPIGRAM-

MATIS QVOD EDIDIT

Richardus Sbaklockus

in mortem Catho-

berti Scoti,

quondā

præfulis Cestrensis Apomaxis.

Thoma Dranta Cantæ

brigienſi authore.

Also certayne of the ſpeciall Articles of
the Epigramme, refuted in
Engliſhe by C. D.

Ceſſit victoria victis.

Peruſed and allowed according to the
Queenes Maieſties Inſtunctions.

LONDINI,

In ædibus Thomæ Marſhi.

M. D. L. X. V.

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COETVI PSEVDOCATHOLI-

corum Anglolouaniensium pie con-
scientie testimonium.



Haklockus vester (vt erat semper
admiranda cuiusdam constantie ho-
mo) per integrum quod ille apud nos
post defunctam Mariā principē quin-
quennium cōmorabatur, ita sibypsi
moribus, fide & sermone constabat,
possit vt hoc suo quodā iure sibi vendicare facile se prin-
cipem inter eos euasisse, qui solent Cameleonta viuendo
exprimere. Namque Romani pontificis ab initio satel-
les ita Domini Buceri cadauer atrociter versibus laca-
rauit, vt credas aut prestigiatoris exorcismum, aut faci-
natricis Sybillæ furiale cantamē, potius q̃ Christiani a-
cuius hominis carmen extitisse. Postea vero mutatis tē-
poribus (bonitatem naturæ suæ, sicuti ego existimo secu-
tus) repente ille quoque mutatus est, sed ita tamen om-
nino, vt aliud stans aliud sedens, aliud extra aliud in-
tra collegij limen, & singulis priuatorum colloquiis sin-
gulas opiniones licet atrociter dissidentes, benigne lau-
daret, & easdem quoque pro tempore profiteretur. Sed
quam cito animaduertisset se frustra hoc saxū voluere,
nec diutius patere vafris hominibus ad honores aditam
ita subitq̃ nostræ religionis glo, quam ille nūc mē-
tricē appellat, et melancholia sua, quam vbique dominā

sapientiæ tuebatur, ita inquam his utrisque tactus in-
 caluit, ut vix aut ne vix quidem abfuerit, quin iam to-
 tus incenderetur. Miserti homines sapientes tam mise-
 re æstuantis Shaklocki, genusq; & causas morbi ex-
 plicati, addiderunt illi quasi remedium & facultates et
 dignitatem. His additis ille dicto citius refriguit. Sed
 utrisque tamen, quamdiu poterat, fruebatur libenter.
 Cum propter tum doctorum tum verè piorum indies ibi
 crescentem numerum, suspicatus esset, omnia sibi ver-
 sipelli deinceps intercludenda, egit sanè satis peritè
 Phormionis cuiusdam comici partes, ut cum certissimū
 esset, se diutius illum honoris cursum tenere nequisse,
 videretur tamen suis omnibus quæcunque vellet apud
 nos adipisci potuisse, sed propter renatum conscientia
 stimulum diutius adeptis potiri noluisse. Proinde defici-
 ente lucri spe, concidebant eius & fides & religio. Nūc
 & perfidus in fidē, & profugus à patria, magis quàm
 antea unquam sacrosanctum vestrum parētem induit,
 & rursus illa ex parte ita iam denuò torret, ut & pa-
 triæ & religioni et serenissima Regina facies maledi-
 ctorum admonerit. Dignus ille quidem tam indigno
 parente vestro Papa filius, & indignus ille, qui augu-
 stissime Regine nostræ aut ditione aut temporibus
 nasceretur. Num illud tamdiu cervicibus vestris pe-
 percisse vel apud ipsos Getas mereri potuit, ut clemen-
 tissima princeps superba domina diceretur? idque a tan-
 to so-

to sophismatum artifice praestitum est, ut possit ille si velit, sensum sententiae ad haeresim retorquere: Sed nemo, cum legit, etiam si maxime velit potest nisi domi-
nam reginam tacite secum cogitare. Sed nequidam pri-
mam carminum in uolucris agebat, neque quicquam po-
test, vel hic vel vspiciam gentium adeo maledice ab ha-
reticis conscribi, quod non mitiores interpretes nostros
papistas habuerit, quam vel ipsis auctoribus sua verba
prae se ferre censebuntur. Et tamen neminem ego un-
quam ita hos Shakloeki versus legentem audiui, quin
aut protinus laesam maiestatem regiam clamaret, aut
saltem in eo fluctuaret esset, an non esset regalis maie-
stas laesa. Satis superque fuisset, quod misero vati cru-
cem conciliasset, si vel notam suspicionis potentissime
reginae inuississet tantum. Et extera regna & nos
huius rei exemplis abundamus. Et si rursus superbam
dixerit poeta, ostendam aliquot sibi similibus scurrarum
illustra exitia, neque id mehercule in aurem. Ferunt
me tum literis tum nuntius papistae exemplaria haec, qui-
bus ego respondi, adulterina esse penitus: (Fatcor ut
cunque immutata) sed quod illi mihi manu auctoris de-
scriptum supponant, fictum profecto est. Nam & unum
aut alterum eius carmen valde vitiosum est. & praeterea
ubi reginae nomen expulerunt, ita sensus inepte claudicat,
ut facile cognoris insignem aliquem saturni papistam
correctoris ea in re opera absurde lussisse. Nihil minus
statue-

statuebam ab initio q̄ Apomaxin meam typis diuulgare. Egi enim ludicrè, & quid nī? Cum illo quippe homine, qui seipsum ludū idcūq̄ omnibus exhibet. Sed quoniam dira mihi, si hæc excudi facerem, a conscjs Sbaklocki portendebantur: quoniamq̄ sunt, qui nimitantur se plurima in me acerbius scripta sub nomine eius tectè velaturos, Non sic effugient, veniam quocunque vocabunt. Nolo aliquam hac in re iactantiam meā, & idcirco sanè omittam permulta, quæ, si amicorum potius rogatus, q̄ ingenio meo parere voluissē, quàm non aliquē papistam hoc potissimum in genere tinnere debeam, de meipso prædicassē audacter. Sed lubenti animo vires meas agnosco, q̄ nulla sint & imbecilles. Nihilominus tamen si aut Sbaklockus ipse aut quisquā illo viro modestior me aut mea quoquo modo dicēdo vexarit, ut est hæc causa suipsius propugnatrix acerrima, faciliè hoc apud aquos iudices dabo, ni fallor, confectum, ut alteri par pari retulisse, alteri oratione etsi inferior, at arguementorum saltem robore ponderosior esse videbor. Interea desinant vestri me iam amplius quasi trepidum ad prælium laceffere: atque ut ad vos Lonaniensis aliquis huius hortationis fructus permanare poterit, desinite vos, nisi adepti victoriā, de quoquam homine triumphum agere. Desinite tam præclaro vestro otio & linguis ad bonorum infamiam abuti. Non est, cur ferensissima Regina aut bonitate niri videamini. Cur enim verborum aucupio, cur blandientium epistolarum illecebris

cebris apud prudentissimam principem rē agitis? quasi apud illam aut vos aut vestra ignorari possent adeo. Si enim aut βιβλιοπώται illi vestri, aut quisquam alius ex vobis, tam ex animo principi nostræ studetis, cur eam fidem, quam illa puram & castam arbitratur, vos eandem meretricem dicitis? Præterea cur finitis stolidum hominem, inscium, ignobilem Shakelockum plusquam scurriliter illustrissimum virum magistrum Haddonū quem regia maiestas suam causam dicentem armanit, verbis violare? Si Caput tam impense diligitis, cur auribus non pepercistis sodes? Si amici estis, Shakelockum explodite: Si inimici, facite, quod facitis, retinete, demulcete, colite. Spero equidem propediem futurum, ut orbi terrarum elucescat, simulatum illud vestrum in serenissimam reginam obsequium, quam nunc ita officiose laudatis, ut audacius religionem culpetis. Sed neq. vos magis reginam quam fidem nostram, nisi quod illa plus possit, diligitis, atq. nisi tolerantiam vestram spes reditus vestri firmaret, iamiam tempus adesset, cū vos quod nunc tam fraudulentè dissimulatis, illud concilium vel semotis terrarum partibus patefaceretis, nimis in religionem nostram paruicaciter improbi, & in mitissimam principem supra quàm dici potest, crudeliter ingrati. εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα καὶ πάντοτε.

THOMAS DRANTA.

ATLAS DE ZAMORA

EPITAPHIUM IN MORTIEM

Cuthberti Scoti quondam episcopi Cestrensis

Impia concordēs dum distrabit hæresis Anglos,
Spargit & in cunctis dira venena locis:
Dum furit in monachos, dum sacras diruit ædes,
Et trahit innocuos in sua vincla viros:
Omnia dum lacerat, dum terræ sydera miscet,
Et pandit faciles in scelus omne vias:
Cuthbertus Scotus gentis nova stella Britannæ.
Cestrensis vigilans pastor ouilis erat.
Hæresis effuso nondum satiata cruore
Regina intactas sternere capit oues.
Restitit antistes, charum defendit ouile,
Cum poterat pedibus, rem gerit ille manu.
Rem gerit antistes ratione, at viribus illa.
Hic probat, hæc reprobat, longaq; pugna manet.
Doctior antistes, hæc fortior, hæresis omnes
Applausus populi, signa que cuncta tulit.
Namque vacillanti populo mendacia trudens
In sua vota statim credula corda rapit.
Qualis matronam meretrix imitata pudicam
Improba per placidis oblinat ora modis.
Hæresis, o nimium fallax, o denique recti,
Tincta Lycambæo pharmaca melle gerens.
Fraude tua miseris, est nobilitata ruinis
Gallia, proh Guisei, tincta cruore ducis.

b

Fraude

Fraude tua haeretica, Caldensi nuper in vrbe
Turba furens saxis suppeditabat opem.
Vrbs eadem timuit ne te dominante popellus
Praeda foret canibus dilanianda tuis.
Sed deus omnipotens naturæ temperat æstum,
Et redit in proprias turba quieta domus.
Aurea perugili caueas Antuerpia mente
Insidiosa tuas hæresis ambit opes.
Anglia te doceat leti iam fabula mundi,
Quid sit Romanam deservisse fidem.
Nonne ibi tot sectæ (nullo prohibente) virescunt,
Quot Thamesis pisces mobile flumen habet?
Hei mihi ridiculis pueris tribuuntur honores,
Ridiculis pueris pulpita cuncta patent.
Hæresis heu, vanis pueris dum fræna relaxat,
Clausula inbet canos ora tenere senes.
Dum fidei soli se tradidit Anglia sola,
Facta quidem frigent nudaq; verba vigent.
Singula quid memorem? dum mutat sacra prophætis
Angulus hærescorum Anglia nostra iacet.
Immemor incerti tandem mea musa laboris
Pergito propositi fata referre viri.
Post varios casus, post tot certamina longa
Hæresis oppresso præsule signa tulit.
Quid faceret presul? cum solus staret in armis:
Quid faceret pastor deficiente grige?
Cogitur inuitus dominæ parere superba,

Mente

Mente fuit liber, corpore captus erat.
 Corpore captus erat, iusto & priuatus honore,
 Et sibi pro magno munere carcer erat.
 Quinque vagus plenos Phæbus compleuerat orbes,
 Dum retinent sanctum vilia claustra virum.
 Carcere magne diu paruo Cuthberte latebas,
 Martyrij expectans tempora tarda tui.
 Te cupiente mori, teq; expectante securim,
 Concessum est aura liberiore frui.
 Spes tua frustrata est, dum præmia martyris optas,
 Vita nocet votis continuata tuis.
 Ergo quid faceres præsul, iam proxime fatis,
 Dum patet oblata libera porta fuga?
 Quin citus huc fugeres, fugiendo sepulchra parares
 Sancta decet sacrum terra, sacrata virum.
 Fælix Louanium, quod tam pia membrâ recondit,
 Et præsul felix, quem pia terra tegit.
 Anglorum hæretici rident, tolluntq; cachinnos,
 Cuthbertum fatis occubuisse suis,
 Nec mirum gaudent furcas periisse latrones,
 Et faciunt letos fracta flagella canes.
 Mallens hæreseay viuens Cuthberte fuisti,
 Triste tuo hereticis fulmen in ore fuit.
 Fulmen in ore fuit, fidei dum concutis hostes,
 Dum præcepta dabas, numen in ore fuit.
 Alter eras Cuthberte tuus Chrysostomus Anglis,
 Aurea mellito gutture verba sonans.

EPITAPHIUM.

Anglica seu nobis, seu verba Latina sonabas,
 Visa mihi labijs pendula verba tuis.
 Anglorum hæretici cynicè latrare videntur
 Cum venis in mentem (Scote diserte) meam.
 Eloquio mirandus eras, te morte perempto,
 Debetur linguae laurea (Carre) tua.
 Tullius Anglorum utinam iam Carrus adesset.
 Louano ut dignam redderet ore (Charin.
 Aspice Louanium, ut luget, defletq; sepultum.
 Numquid Cuthbertus Louainensis erat?
 Non erat, attamen ac si natus in vrbe fuisset
 Louanij officijs nobile funus habet.
 O pietas celebranda meis, dum spiro, cæcænis,
 O semper votis insinuanda tuis.
 Sis memor alme pater, quoniam super astra triumphas.
 Huic vrbi faustum conciliare diem.
 Sis memor infestis precibus sanare Britannos,
 Ut recolant Christi, quam coluere fidem.
 Ut Regina lupos agmina pelle latentes
 Sentiât, implicitos perspiciatq; dolos.
 Catholicisq; viris constantia corda precare,
 Quorum est in medijs magna caterua lupis.
 Iam Cuthberte vale, præsul venerande valeo:
 Impediunt lachrymæ scribere plura. Vale.

R. Shækelocke.

Louani. 22. die Octobris.

22. Sepultus est.

APOMAXIS eiusdem.

Impia deliros dum fallit Roma Britannos,
 Omnibus eructans Roma venena locis:
 Dum ruit in sanctos, dum dant incendia lucem,
 Dum fumant tremulis corpora austa rogis:
 Omnia dum squallent, dū nox inducitur orbi,
 Et quicquid viguit, terror & error erat:
 Scotus Cestrensis pastor de stirpe luporum
 Palantes mordax dilaniauit oues.
 Tam vaser ingenio, tam pectore fictus & ore,
 Possiet vt totus dicier esse Scotus.
 At regina dolos iam dudum (prouida rebus)
 Senserat, & caulis egerat illa lupum.
 Vsa manu non est, non vsa est viribus vllis,
 Carcere res gesta est, par fuit ense geri.
 Est facilis princeps, nec numen mitius vllum,
 Non nece cuiusq̃ est haftenus vltra nefas.
 Quid faceres Iesus, qui nondum tactus abires?
 Triste malum carcer, carcere liber eras.
 Omnia sunt preter meritum tibi reddita, census.
 Libertas, solus deficiebat honos.
 Magnanimus Scotus paucos inglorius annos
 Haud tulit. (vt fuerat mens generosa senis)
 Ergo ratem scandit, fremit ergo gurgite puppis:
 Sic temerè pastor liquit ouile suum.

APOMAXIS.

Hei mihi, qualis eras? quantum mutatus ab illo,
 Pro grege qui, letus debuit ultro mori?
 Plurima sepe soles pecori de fraude luporum
 Multa cauenda tuis sepe referre soles.
 Iam venere lupi, quos te cantasse putamus,
 Iamq; greges late possidet illa cohors.
 Te nouus hic Daphnis, nouus hic te vincit Alexis
 Tu vocum visus fundere flumen iners.
 Maxima pars nostrum te nunc ita falsa locutum
 Nouimus, ut verum norimus esse lupum.
 Tytire quid properas? lacerum quin visis ouile?
 Vah, characta petis? Tytire coge pecus.
 Non sic, non dominus pecorum mandauit Iesus
 Montibus & syluis, Tytirus ille bonus.
 Non sic, non quondam fugit Ricleius heros
 Præda vorata lupis, Tytirus ille bonus.
 Non sic, non pastor profugus Cranmerus abibat,
 Obuius ille lupis, Tytirus ille bonus.
 Nec venerande senextu sic Latimere latebas,
 Pro grege mactatus: Tytirus ergo bonus.
 Cuthbertus miseras pecudes bis mulsit in hora,
 Nunc fugit ille greges: Tytirus ergo malus.
 Proh pudor, ut macre pecudes? vix ossibus herent
 Aut nihil, aut Scotus tristitia fella dabat.
 Non saltem puduit niueas visisse bidentes?
 Non puduit: voluit rura scatere lupis.

Non

A POMAXIS.

Non o non redeat, rabidos vehet ille leones,
 Omnia diuellent: sic sedet ore fames.
 Sed neque diuellet: nobis nam militet æther,
 Aetheris & dominus militat ipse Deus.
 Per mare, per terras, dum serio captat honorem,
 Dum cupit antiquas sic reparare vices,
 Ut vel ibi possit mitratus præsul haberi,
 Aemula mors vitæ sultulit ecce mitram.
 Scilicet hoc illud, quod iā super astra triumphat,
 Quod nolente sua principe præsul erat.
 Et quicumq; volet patriam liquisse, Deumq;
 Mortuus is diuus Louaniensis erit.
 Grandiloquus vates excusso cōpede Shaklock
 Quod fugit ille suos, quod celebratq; suum:
 Sanctus, sanctus erit, duplex lux sacra paratur,
 Prima quidem musæ danda secunda fugæ.
 Quàm rectè laudat? quid non canit ille disertè?
 Laudantis (credo) fulmen in ore, fuit.
 Fulmen in ore Scoti, Nam fulminat ille ruinam,
 Plebsq; fide, donec fulminat ille, cadit.
 Fulmen in ore fuit, sed fulmen quale tonantis
 Vnà si cunctos perderet ille bonos.
 Transfuga tale tibi, cum perditus osse Bucerī
 Carmine vexares, fulmen in ore fuit.
 Numen in ore fuit, quid ni quoq; pectore numē,
 Durius ast nomen numen vtrunque tenet.

Tale

Tale tibi numen, Guisei dum facta cruenta,
Laudas, & desles, tristia fata viri.

Talis tu πολύτρος centum mentite colores

Cui placuit serò, deteriora sequi.

Quid facis, vt nūc es, qui nil nisi somnia versas?

Qui simulas Christum, dissimulasq; papam.

Tantane te recreat sedis fiducia vestrae?

An pius hos animos addidit ille pater?

Sic subito cœlum mentem firmavit, vt ausis

Maxima de magnis stulte tremenda loqui?

Cogitur inuitus dominae parere superbae,

Hoccine sanxistis tuq; chorusq; tuus?

Cogitur inuitus dominae parere superbae.

Romanus natos sic docet ille pater?

Patrisas vates: pater & pia membra parentis

Arbitrio reges sic lacerare solent.

Omnia bacchatus poteras tacuisse superbam:

Tam dilecta suis nulla superba foret.

Quis tibi? quis (Shaklok) scribenti talia sensus?

Ecquod scribenti numen in ore fuit?

Grande nefas miserū diuinis ludere rebus.

Disces (ah) longas regibus esse manus.

Illa quidem vallo virtutum septa suarum,

Dum tacet, ingenium claudit ubiq; tnum.

Illicet hoc campo non fas est esse disertum.

Nil referes vel tu, vel tua musa procar.

EPITAPHIUM

Dij, quàm nō tutū de de Principe fingere quicūq;

Pena est, si maneat: crux tibi si redeas.

Parce tūc musæ, nimium dabit illa pericli,

Et plectet dominum sæpe petulca suum.

Sin est, cur pergas, & vis tamen esse poeta,

Nec tibi quando venit, pena dolenda venit:

Gens est Romulidū reprobis gens effera factis

Verrere ad hos. versu, prodigus esse potes.

Prodigus esse potes, viget illic terra libido,

Et scelus omne viget, prodigus esse potes.

Pontificis luxum, Romanos corrige fastus,

Diuite sic vena, tu super vnus eris.

Sancta decet sacrum dicendi sylva poetam:

Materiam, qua sis sanctus & acris, habes.

Nos sumus Hæretici: læti iam fabula mundi,

Tuq; soles scriptis tristior esse tuis.

Adde tuo non est res omnis digna cothurno,

Nos arbuta sumus, plebs reticenda sumus.

Aurea pernigili caveas Antuerpia mente,

Diuitias petimus plebs miseranda tuas.

Aurea pernigili caveas Antuerpia mente,

Nam struit insidias ille chorus tuus.

Dum saturi sperant aliena vivere quadra,

Abiurant patriam, nuptia, iura, fidem.

Hæresis est castam meretrix imitata matronam,

omni T c Da

Læta materia
tristem uatem
delectat.

APOMAXIS.

*Cum religione
nostra quam
nunc bonus uir
meretricem ap-
pellat.*

Da veniam, scortum deseruisse licet.

Heretis est meretrix, quin tu scortatus abunde,

Qui Shaklocke sciens cum meretrice cubas.

Idq; etiam Quini per multa volumina coeli,

Dumq; fidem firmat plurimus ore Deus.

Pacta fugis, fugienda petis, mox nacta relinques,

Poenitet & forsan iam renouata fides.

Nusquam consistis, qualis plicat orbibus anguis

Qui tantum constans mobilitate sua est.

Forfitan illa dies aderit, cum perfide rursus

Iurabis vitæ poenituisse tuæ.

Iam faceres, nisi quod pueris tribuuntur honores,

Et nisi quod pueris pulpita cuncta patent,

Nobilis ingenio priuatus viuere nescis,

Hei mihi Shaklockus cassus honore fuit?

Clare poeta redi, donabere munere claro,

Victorumq; canes Martia bella gruunt.

Pulpita cuncta fremunt pueris (hic Zoile verum)

Num puer & quinas vixit Olympiadas?

Maximus ingenio Daniel non maximus annis,

Non bene iurantem fallit utrunq; senem.

וְיָמֵי חַיָּיִךְ עַד הַיּוֹם לֹא הָיוּ כְּחַיָּיִךְ דָּוִד
vixit nondum tria lustra peregit,

Cum tonuit viui verba stupenda Dei.

Non Ephoras senior præcepta senilia fundens

Laudatur verbis, Paule diserte, tuis.

Timo-

Timotheus iuuenis vix tinctus flore iuuentę

Flumine dilutas pascere capit oues.

Pascite securi iuuenes, dum pabula profunt;

Porrigat en qui vult, ille vel ille manu.

Conticuere senes, quia vani, non quia cani,

Pandebant gregibus noxia rura suis.

Tu quoq; dum vanus torques conuitia vana,

Facti nonne piget, quod tua lingua riget.

Thersites magnū laceras Agamemnona voce.

Dum liber Haddonum vulnerat ille tuus,

Ille decus vatuni, doctorum magnus Atreides:

Tu vix è mediis Cherilus alter eris.

Horreico referens, Shaklockus, vulnecat omnes.

Quos feritis, semel est his obeunda dies.

Tale fuit vulnus, quod protinus ere repulsum,

Authori Priamo fata suprema dedic.

Causidico credis nil non tibi iure licere.

Causidicus causam sed meditare manu.

Si laudas, ledis, si mordes, tu quoq; ledis.

Si loqueris ledis, si sapias, taceas.

Dum pro defuncto lachrimas das usq; parente;

Eheu, q̄ viuus flebile nomen habes.

Tristia fata tui, dum defles carmine Scoti,

Dum transfers stultos in tua iura libros.

*Ostendit liber in
Anglicum sero
monem a Sha
locko comus*

Pimbus.

*Shaklok natus
ter legibus in
status.*

Carminē lēxisti, dabis improbe carminē pānas
 Lēxisti libris, hac quoque parte lues.
 Centum damna refers, & centum stulte dolores,
 Qui possunt lachrymas ingeminasse. Vale.

T. Dranta.

Cantabrigie. 2. Maij.

Apostrophe ad Apomaxin.

Quò nunc, quò properas? referes incendia tecū.
 In me turba ruet luxuriosa papa.

Σαυλοῦχοι πρᾶτιστα φυλάσσειο, μὴ τι καὶ ἐν,

κῆρ' ἐπὶ κρατερόν μῦθον ἔτιλλε καυε.

κῆρ' τῶς λῆρες καὶ μυρία ῥήματα χεύσει,

ἔδ' ἐν δαῦμα· μόνοις τοῖς ἐπέεσι φρονεῖ.

Sed neq; formida, fer nūcia verba per auras

Simq; mali quēso, certior vsque tui.

Aut ego Shakloeki prosternam carmine crimē:

Turpiter aut eius carmine stratus ero.

Vincere me nequeūt, nequeūt q̄a vincere causā

Hæc ut prisca dedit, sic noua tela dabit.

*Ad Scotum, quod Louanium abiit: cum tamen sancte
 durasset, se apud suos mansurum.*

Intemerata fides fons esse putatur honesti :

Sic etiam sceleris fons temerata fides.

Te violasse fidem pia res dic an impia (Scote?)

Hæreticos pia res fallere posse viros.

ἡλέπται Lacones duxere bonumq; piuniq;

Excipere insidiis, ars generosa fuit,

Ars est scita, vafri plus quam bene culta papistis

*Generosa ars
Papistarum.*

Decipere, & pactam frangere sæpe fidem.

*Ad eundem quod amicos suos ducentium librarum
uallimonia obstrictos, ingratus deseruit.*

CRudelis nimium, si quid tua pectora tangit,

Cur fugis? & miseros obruis ære vades?

Nec iurata fides, nec te data dextera dextræ:

Sed neque sponforum sistere damna queunt?

Omnia da veniant, quæcunq; horrèda videntur,

Catholicosne potes deseruisse vades?

Quis putet hæc? Scotus tractabat fraude papistas

At mortem metuens & male tutus erat:

At bene cautus erat, sibi nil consciscere damni,

Bis centum vadibus fors perire minç.

Posthac cuiusq; est argentea cura molesta,

Quin pro Papicolis is fideiussor erit.

*De Osorti Epistola deque Shallocko eiusdem interprete
catholica nouissimorum censura.*

Quis-

APOMAXIS

Quisquis es Osoni papatus magnæ satelles,
Belle declamas & bene pingis opus.

Est opus, ac liber est, omni quia parte Latinus;
Non opus aut liber est, ni Latialis erit.

Shaklock. Hūc modo donavit, quidam sermone Britanno
Esse nihil cœpit, desiit esse liber.

Dura sed hæc vis est: dabimus certè esse libellū,
Sed tamen ut liber est, dicimus & nihil est.

Et liber & nihil est? acerrima pugna loquēdi
Discamus melius mitius atque loqui.

Esto: sumus faciles aliquid dimittimus ultro
Non liber est nihilum, sed liber est nihili.

*De Osoni Shaklockique libello censura eorum qui in d
riem & rem subiectam acriter inducentur.*

Osonus.

Shaklock.

Vidimus Osoniq; tuumq; Britanne libellū.

Vidimus audacis & Morionis opus.

*Ad Shaklockum, ne inturgescat quod laudes
Mariæ principis carmine suo celebraret.*

Laude tua misera magnam decorare Mariam,
Est onus & Mariæ non erit illud honos.

*Ad V. S. qui cum maledictis thartis ilico concubuit
ut dignus responsione videretur.*

Indoctus cupiens extendere rabula famam,
In me fando aliquid se putat esse aliquid.

Afcanius

APOMAXIS.

Ascanius fuluos descendere monte Leones,
Spumantemq; puer non nisi vellet aprum.

Ad eundem honorificum sedulitatis suæ præmium.

Scriptit V.S. nulli versu mente secundus

Si poterit iudex carminis esse sui.

Scriptit idem cūctis versuq; & mente secundus,

Si versus iudex quilibet alter erit.

Attamen hunc summē bardi laudāre papistę:

Vnde frequens sermo talis in ore fuit.

V.S. quod cecinit mellito gutture carmen

Tam bene cantantis torquis ἀποιων erit.

Gratia cum Musis, Charites, doctiq; latini

Riserunt rasi non bona sena gregis.

Te quoq; Phæbe pater multam risisse susurrant,

Iudiciūq; fuit sic ioculare tuum.

Torquis ἀποιων erit, volitet vaga fama poëte:

Ipse quoq; ut volitet, torquis erit laqueus.

*Euge torquis
sc.*

Si pergat quæ vult dicere, quæ
non vult audiet.

Nec mihi, nec Phæbo.

An Epigramme vpon

pon the death of Cuthbert Scotte, sometime
byshop of West Chester, deuised by Ri-
charde Shakelocke translated by
an vncertayn author, and replied a-
gainst by Thomas Diant.

To the Englyshe Louanistes, the
Dope his suppliantes.



Any were the hauntes, and passing
were the wordes, that were enery
where bruted in commedation and
maintenaunce of this so licell, but
learned an Englyshe Doctre : It
doth argue (I right willingly con-
fesse) the inditter therof to be a pre-
ty ordinarie snatterer: not so lettred a workman, but
if that he will to much abuse his brayne in bolstering
of fallhode, he may haply haue to doo with his supe-
riour, in assistyng the truth. Small is the relief that
is not welcome to the hungry : small is that bootie,
that scapeth the nedy warrioure : small and slender
(god wot) is that kynde of argument, which you pa-
pistes, and yours, vse to reiect. Yea, not so muche as
those verses, but they were thought to be a stedy for-
tresse and stoute bulwarke to the safe preservation of
your religion. This fortresse certes I was most vn-
willing to assault: but pardon me I beseeche you, the
iniquitie of the place, and the easy hope conceived of
histo.

victory, were my chiefest inductions to lay to the bat-
 tle. A thyng you wyl say more then boldly begun, so
 vncurtuously to encounter with your maister Shaks-
 locke, and as I expounde it, no whit at all of boldnes
 respectyng the fact, and considering the person. Bold-
 nes and impudency (if I were vncurtuous) I would
 say to be qualities vnto you papists naturally intidet:
 whose stable keepers and raskalls are so muche in their
 owne fauours planted: that they will not liste penne
 agaynst any lesse personage then our renowned prela-
 tes and mosse reuerende fathers. They be semblable
 in that your tumultuous boile of papistry, to the base
 and raskall condition of souldiours: (whiche through
 the chearyng of instrumentes, the clatterying of ar-
 mours and shoutes of chaissemble be so possessed with
 nouelties of passions, that euery of them (as wopnes-
 seth Opyheus) dothe deme of hymself as of a puissant
 chieuelor. They be semblable to the fressull been, whi-
 che hauyng in fury ones vttered her styng (a weapon
 of small damage) forth with it, it lyke her for eyther to
 confounded, either els alwayes after for default of an
 other weapon, subiect to euery enemies annoyances.
 You doo all (in byese) resemble in your practyse, that
 flie and deceptful painter, who with sleight of art and
 subtiltie of colours, did make the old weather created
 wall to be taken for a new flourishing hete: you bring
 moxtall foode embasted with sugar: your vndeceit-
 laughters are enterlaced with lyes: your abiect mat-
 ter is braued with embroudery of sundry your deu-
 ses. When your woords are anatomised, there is found
 neither fleshe nor bone: onely a smooth superficiall
 D.L. Synne,

A Replie.

Shynne hath your paynted processe, beautified and gilded with many golde sayed sentences. God is more iuste then that he wpll suffer, the Princesse more godly then that she will admitte, and we more trapp'd in the Scriptures, then that we can brooke the displacing of so holy and royall a Priesthode, and for a little flourish of woordes, to permitte you (the Caterpillers of the earth) to haue reentrance, and consume the frutes of the lande. Therfore embrace the one of these two counsels, whiche shal seme vnto you the rather: eyther to change your religions, yf you mynde amongst vs to profite with your pennes, eyther to spare your pennes, if you mynde to persist in that your disguised religion. Farewell, the. xxv. of May,
from S. Johns Colledge in Cambridge.

Yours to wishe your amendement in
Christ Thomas Dyant.

An Epitaphe vpon the
death of Cuthbert Scotte, whilom Bishop of
Chester, deuised by Richard Shakerlocke,
and translated into Englyshe by an vncertaine Authour.

Vhilt hereby the bound of hell, the Englyshe harts did feare,
And spyed her popson perillously in places farre and neare,
Whilt good religious men it racht, and holy houses rent,
And caught into her clynkyng chaynes the good and innocent,
Whilt every thing it did displace, and beuene with earth confound,
And ledd: the easy way to synne, to geue our soule a wound.
A ben

an Epistaph

Then Cutbert Deot of Bilton bloud, a newe sprong sharre indre,
At Chester very painfullly his faithfull flocke dyd fede.

But heresy not yet content, wyth bloud which she had shedde,
Began to spyle thunsported shepe, which this good shepard fed,

This shepard warred against the wolfe, & to his charge he stands
When he might well haue toke his fete, he toke him to his hands

With reason he doth pleade his cause, the mesures all with might
Reply doth he, deny doth she, and thus they long do fyght.

Farre better learned the byshop was, but error dyd excell,
By force, and by the peoples voice she bare away the bell.

For setting forth to waueryng wits, with lyes her forged ware,
Intwiggled soone lyght credite beas, to fall into her snare.

Like as a byabbe or Crumpe, which a matrone chaff would seme,
Dothe sayne her face, & line her toke, & chaff her men may seme,

Wherof so full of fraude, an eye I may thee calle,
In forgingg truthe, thy sugred cups are myrt with bytter gall.

Throughe thy deceite France famous is wyth false & woodeb lies,
Alack the day, bespente and daynd with blood of noble Cypse.

Throughe the decess, a ragyng rout which dwelt in Andwarp towne
With stones dyd also an heretike & thwackt & Margraues downe

The cite feared least in the byople thou shouldest her betray,
And least vnto the greby dogges, she shoulde become a pray.

But myghty Ioue dyd put his hande, betyme to quenche the flame
And sent the people which wer mad borne to their houses same.

Wel golden Andwerpe, take thou heede, be circumspect and waight,
For with the goodes all heresy intendes her shyp to scaight.

Let England now whiche is a lesse in all the world be so wyse,
Teach thes what maner faut it is, from Romayne sayth to syde.

Dothe not there crepe so many sectes, and no man dare them blame
As there be fyshes in the Thames, a floud of nobis same.

By me promotions of great pryse do chauce to tryfling bores,
All pulpit places for them be, to better out their tores.

And whyle she byds the babbling boys to prattle what they will,
She welis old men to locke theyr lypps, and lyre in science still.

Whylt onely Britayn bumpysh on Onely sayth takes holde,
For wyse men be do gine som heat, good wyse do quene for colde.

In heere to speake whyle boie thyngs, it chaungech the pophans,
An angle of all heresy, our Angles, dothe remayne.

But

But

But

But

an Epitaph

But note my Muse thou dost beginne wide from thy mark to runne,
 Proceede to helpe thens of him, with whom thou thy selfe beganne.
 When diuers ventures were deuourde, and tossing tempests pass,
 When herelpe this sojourn subside, and wan the field at last.
 What should I tolde you this byshop doo, when he was left alone?
 What gift might now this Shepard make, what at his flock was
 This lately dame constrained him to yeld against his will (god:
 His body bound must needs obey, his mynde kept freedom still,
 Restrained he was, deuide he was, and had in small regard,
 Imprisonment sell to his care, in steede of great rewarde.
 The sunne syue tymes dyd canne his race, & made his circle mete:
 Whilste this good lord was soyl to saynt in thaire of sofly flete.
 O Cuthbert great, in compass small, a great while thou dost lye,
 Soze longyng for; & lingring day, whē thou for; Christ should die.
 Whilste thou dost long to lete thy lyfe, and looked for; the bloke,
 A pardon came to go abrode, vnopened was thy locke.
 Thus disappointed was thy hope, thou longrest a martyrs byde,
 But lengthened lyfe made hope com short, of her long sought desire.
 What shouldst thou do now farther sage, since death was here at hand:
 By natures course and to go out, the dooze dyd open stande,
 But take thy flight vnto this towne to sende an holy grane:
 For mete it was that holp earth, suche blessed bones should haue.
 O louely Louane happy to lue in whom this corpe dothe rest:
 And happy man whose sacred bones with sacred mould ar prest.
 How laught these englyshe heretikes, and shreke into the skye,
 That Cuthbert is out of by death, and pale in grane doth lye.
 I methalle not, for theues do laugh, when gibbets do wake scame,
 And dogs do howl when whips ar broke, & boys whē rods do waite
 An hammer of all heresies thou wart, whilste life dyd last,
 Out of thy mouth gainst heresies there came a ringyng blast.
 A burning blast when thou the doer of holy church dydst chase:
 But whē pcepts thou dost propose, firs thee there came a grace:
 Euen as an other Chrysostom, the countrey dyd thee take,
 For golden wordes with hony voice, to them thou often spake.
 If englysh talke or Latine speche to vs thou sooth dyd bring,
 We thought the hearers on thy lippes dyd hang as by a string.
 We thynke like dogges our heretikes & backe against their kyn,
 So oft as thy well tyed tongue, I call into my mynde.

A woyle

an Epitaph.

A world it was to here thy words, now thou away art wing.
 O Carre the crowne of eloquence is due vnto thy song.

The Tullie of the Bilton blond, would Carre were here this day,
 That might thy thanks with lerned lips to Louane he might pay.

Behold how Louane doth lament and helpeth vs to moene,
 What meaneth this: are we beguiled, was he in Louain bozne?

May nay as though he were in Louain bozne and hys,
 With great renoume vnto his graue, be is of Louain led.

O hymnes to be woorthipped in euery song of myne,
 O woorthy to be sent to God in euery bowle of rhyme.

Though thou triump above y scarres, fies emper heare loke dolent
 Desyre God gently to deale with this same gentle toton.

Pray for our cure of countrey men with errors now infecte,
 That they may lone the ancient faith, which they do now neglect.

That our good quene mai spee y wolnes which in lais shins do lurk
 And may preuent with policie, their false and wply worke.

Pray God vnto the saltfull flocke good constant hartes to geue,
 Of whome great numbze at this day amys the wolvs so spue.

Farewel Cutbert fies earth caught vp, with God in heare to dwell,
 New greeping grief doth stop my voice, yet once again farewell.

FINIS.

A Reply by Tho:

mas Dant.

Villst raging Rome that cuttfull rocke, y ret & sunk y sales,
 And braft y barge of ffoles faith & fraight her flete w tales
 Whilst tales wer taught so; trusty truth, & trode truth did shrink,
 Whilst painted pope our holy syze, dyd geue vs errors dyinke:
 Whilst erro; had throught W:tain land his mysty matles spred
 Whilst spn brought gain, & truth brought pain, whilst al vnelnes
 One Cutbert Scot the Chester flock antoysed to kepe (hzed
 Let

Let louse the wolfe, & he most wolfe, with ranin rent his shepe
 A cutting Cutbert sure he was, a cutter for the nones,
 He cut the fleece, supt by the mylke, & bzoilde the flesh & bones.
 His soyle calends came at length: the princeesse dyd requyre,
 If that were sedging of the flocke, to make them fede the fyre.
 Cutbert that coulde enough of craft moze then of learned skill,
 Disloyall to her royaltie bothe worke to wazste her will.
 These shepe (quod he) these wicked shepe in such case will not
 As Corrdon had me, they shuld, the lord of Latin land (stand
 What Corrdon a heper here: let him kepe in his boundes;
 He ought not, neither shal (quod she) hane interest in these grounds
 Ought not quod she; he ought quod he, he hath it done of payre:
 Hom thing is that, not much (quod she) but barke to me therfore
 Whilom there was in Bazareth a sheparde of great fame,
 Not earth cld hold, no: heauens can shrowd, & proces of his name:
 There is of his a pamphlet pende, a pamphlet of great prync,
 He telde what foode, & who shuld fede, and how diseases ryse.
 If thou o: then by wordes of his canst proue that pastors strange
 Permitted are to rule our colles, and here as lordes to raunge:
 In worde of prync we promise thee, we wpll hym not resell,
 Let Corrdon cast on his curres, and byte where as he lyst.
 Bothe parties condescended tho: the Judges, tyme, and place,
 Assigned were, and those assignde that shuld debate the case.
 Eche herdmā left as then his charge, no shepfold had his guide:
 Both moze and lesse to London straight to se the matches tride.
 My was the golden tressed sonne, come was the daisment day,
 That prync wth pope shuld stand in plea, which shuld on shepe bear
 Great was & worthy audier, & iudges sage & graue, (sway.
 The parties fully pruilleged the scriptures for to raue.
 Stepte to the barre a noble route as challengers of myght,
 Wth wth whet of scriptures sharp, to win their souerain right.

an Epitaph.

No pope, no poppyſhe champion, no Scot gaue onſet there,
 They; wzangling argued ignozance their cauills argued feare,
 Then truth that lbg eriled was, whē murthred twer her knights
 Crileng ſeare put forth her head, & peerde to moſt mens ſight:
 The pzinceſſe doth her well entreate, ſhe people her intbrace,
 And now they rue that euer erſt, they pleaſured in that face.
 That face & fatned Romiſh face, whoſe leames of gloriouſ hie
 Do yet betwiſche the wicked world, apparant ſtill for true.
 Ah frāce to ſonde & blind id toys thou mightſt by this haue ſeen
 But that vike Guyſe (diſguiſed deuil) did ſo bedimme thy ſen
 Black with blaud of barons bold holt purpled was thy ſoule,
 For amours of an appyſhe hooze was kyndled all that houle.
 But let him dye embzued with blood, & ſuch diſſention hie made:
 A noble paterne for the reſt, how they became ſo leude.
 And Andwarpe if the caſe ſo ſtoode, that Ioue wold now beſozay
 His will to the by pzachers mouths, & Andwarpe doo not ſay:
 Iwis thoſe pzachers be not dogs that bark to ſell & panche,
 The poet raxes whoſe frātike ſoule no vāin of words cā ſtanche.
 No golden Andwerpe, no of truth they ſeke no gold of thynne,
 A cheat of thanks for poppyſh pzakte to cram their pzolling pine.
 Let England now a flouryng land to peace and blyſſe attyde,
 Teach thee, what extreme ruth it is, in Rompyſh leage to abyde,
 The pzinceſſe of ſuch perfect ſkil, the pieres ſtand in ſuch ſteade
 That ſet noz ſeiſme can ſooner crepe, then nippen is her heade:
 Heets crepe (quod Shaklock) vncontrol: ſo ſhille Shaklock loz
 She blames, they blame, & yet vnblamd, go ſoliſh Shaklock go.
 The pzince the anchoz ſul on Chriſt, we ſtray not in & ſream,
 Her faith to Chriſt, our faith to both, hath inozght a paſſig realm.
 & happy days, pzamotions now fall not to tryſyng hope,
 Noz pulpits ſerue not ſhaued ſpyes, there to vnlode their toys,
 Both old & yong of ſyled tongue, and of ſurpaſſyng loze:

A Repre:

Are limited to preache in prease the scriptures, and no more.
 In selow: since Ceydon and his were conquerde in the playne,
 England in cutting of the pope cut of a rakehell trayne.
 Cut of was Chithet at that stroke, he cut the fomyng leas,
 And lurke in Louain lopyringly his princeesse to displease.
 By me, what wiet this saint to see: why went lord Scot awaye
 Age broke his wye, he had forgot to byde his martyrs daye.
 A mistresse proude agaynst his wyll pargoyce he vnd' obey,
 Speaks plainly waplous, who was that: our heresy you saye.
 A stately dame our heresy, nay then a symple mayde,
 And by the princeesse only meanis, both she and hers were stayde.
 Nothyng she can, nothing she could, he went the princeesse Kate,
 The cause why he presumps to check, he gaue the pope a mate.
 But felt shall be his finall fate, that loues to mell so bye;
 The heauens tremble & the gods, when Ioue but lookes awoye.
 But now no more of thaboyng woode, of force laugh must we al
 So whaklock wille: so: Scot our whyp hath felt his satall fall.
 A galow-tree A whippe A bolt an baner was this Deceit,
 He hangde he scourge he stroke w tong he made vnto the pette.
 The true the shepe & godly guides the lauders of iustis might,
 Aye the people Aye Gracchi both And Dower blinde wight

Suche grace dwelt in his talitng tong the gospel to deface,
 What likly now he lieth bereft of promysde gospels grace.
 A woold to here his graceles grace, how it disgraced the man
 True grace refuse, Gods gifts abuse, the people hedlong ran,
 In latin o: in english tong such pprocess vpo he ryng,
 What he woold leade the moste soles, as it were with a string
 He thinks he vnd' enchant & charme & busk our eyes w byraines,
 Some prechers had be boldly bier to the gospels blasing demones,
 Went was in eloquence a kyng, whyles that he lyued here,
 And therfore dyng left a crowne, but now who shall it weare:

Aske

Aske Shallocke student in the lawe, his wisdome, which hath turne
 As gentle hart, he is content to geue it backe our Carre.
 Carre is thy beaultie as our yowes, most sure unto our towe,
 Great with it we, & golden Carre holds seke your lauer's towe.
 The porte passeth in this poynt, whether he blame or prayse:
 He breedeth greife: yet of the thee good shallocke me dispayse.
 But out alas, dead is this lozde, gone is the pyller stone,
 He was the be shallocke of the red, and demie them all by one.
 A pyller of small conuancie: As Durfins oyle to here.
 He dyd recourt, what hence he had channied many a yere.
 Wel lonely Lonaine, wel art thou, thou darst his bones triball,
 And wold is hym that he may slope so sweet in sacred monnall.
 Alas good Lonaine how thou wepest our papists how thei moun
 Those Shallocke moist in such greete to water he will moun,
 I ye poultre Dote do not so, the Pope is god no les, our god
 And he wil raise agayne this Scot, when gens agayn this yere.
 Whyles that vnrudely I prayse a salge to you to sende:
 A soueraigne salue in hope it wyl your flowing dyopse mend.
 If these my verses to perbe, you wyl but take the verbes,
 These humors spred, efflones no dout wil muste in your veins
 Your griping greife doth grates my heart, pittie doth me compele:
 To tender you with hasty help, take these and fare ye well.

**To the vnkownen Translator of
 Shallockes verses.**

Traslato: I traslates these things, what mening bath I sauer?
 Thou translates them: & the yfrom the traslate away thy name,
 I smell thy poppe the malady. I know thou art not sounde,
 I wou lo so well I know thy selfe, as well I know thy wound.

2. **Application of the law of conservation of mass**

I am a rude Chirurgian perhaps I should ther sayne,
 I can should I ease small ease to thee, to seile so great a payne.
 I rubbe so rough, I transacke depe, I cut vnto the bone:
 I maye healthfull so; to haue my helpe, more easfull to be gone

To Shallocks Portugale.

Shaklock, a man of noble welth, supposyng vs but poore,
For countrey lone, dyd to transport of Portugals great Roze,
Such princely portugals (sayth he,) such perles of pryde & pryce,
What not the best artificer these balas can deuple:
So we are not we a welthy folke, and at substantiall say:
We haue so much of better thyngs, we cast these perles away,
And sely Shaklock, sely mā, may praisse his pearles els to beare,
England a pereles land now allowthe no poppythe gear,

AD DOMINVM IVELLVM ET
Moribundos Louanienſes.

HArdingus trux fronte pugil, ſpes altera Rome,
Dira fremens, magnum contra ciet arma Iuellū.
Dormannus Raſtall, Stapleton, ſocia agmina iungunt,
Tela vibrant: chari miſeretur quiſque Iuelli
Martius aſt contra, ſtetit imperterritus ille
Luminibus tacitis hoſtilia cuncta pererrans.
Omnia tuta videt, (nam viderat omnia nuda)
Teſtatuſq; Deum, validam prendensq; bipennem,
Sic ferit: atque omnes pariter tranſuerberat hoſtes.
Hardingus quamuis ferro dextraq; repulſus
Vincere non potuit: claris tamen excidit auſis.
Catholica fidei Iuellus magnus Achilles,
Hardingum ſtrauit: ſis felix magne Iuella.

Iuell.

Virgine re-
ſtauratum.

ERRATA.

Pro offe Buceri Lege Offa Buceri.
Pro chorus ſuus, Lege chorusque ſuus.
Pro dici dici Lege dici.